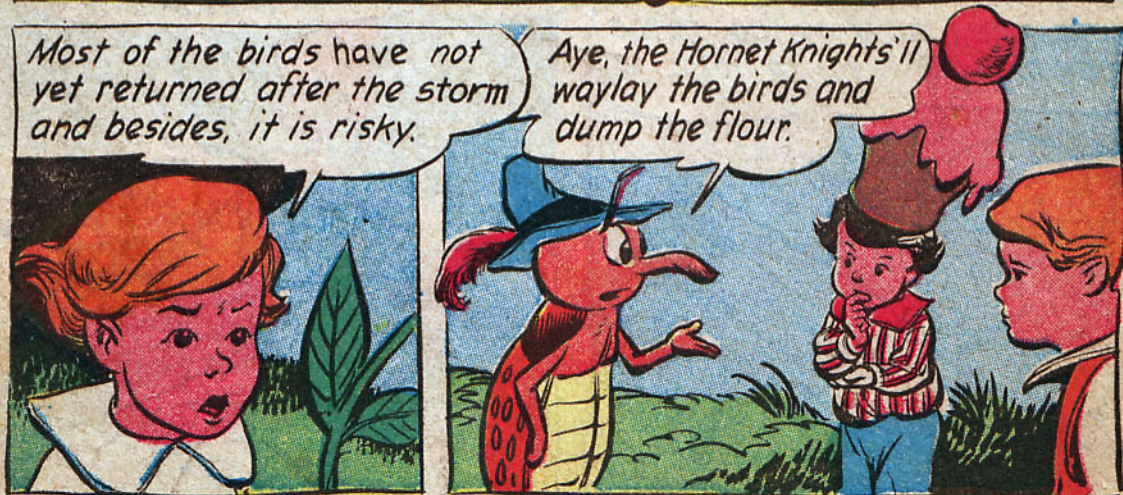
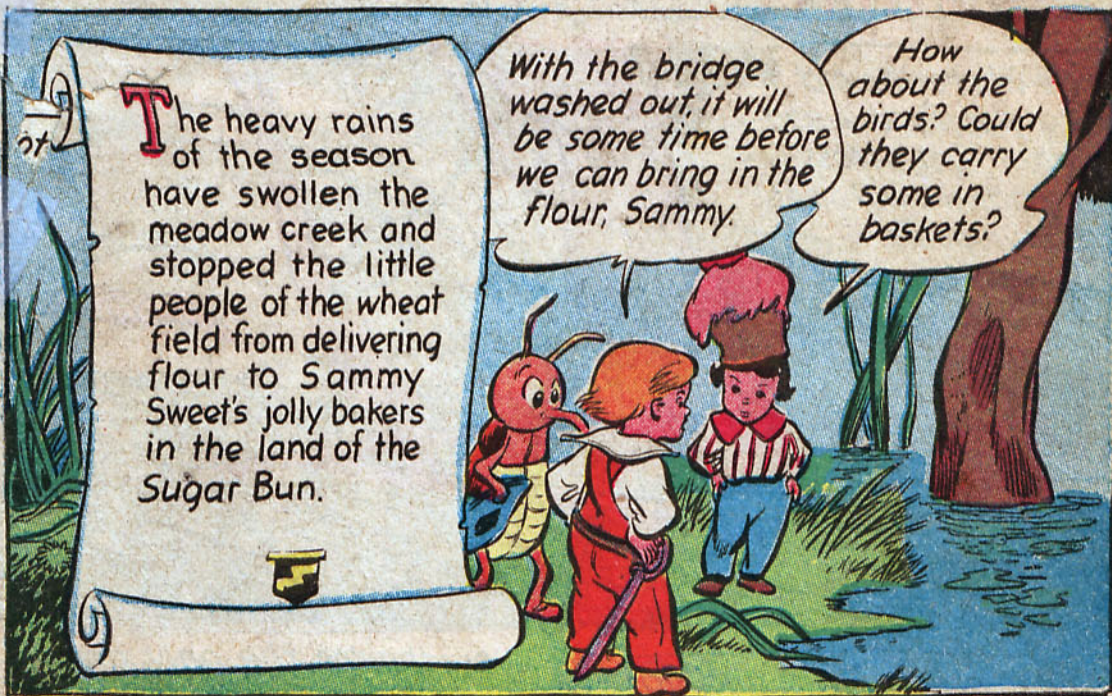




Sterling

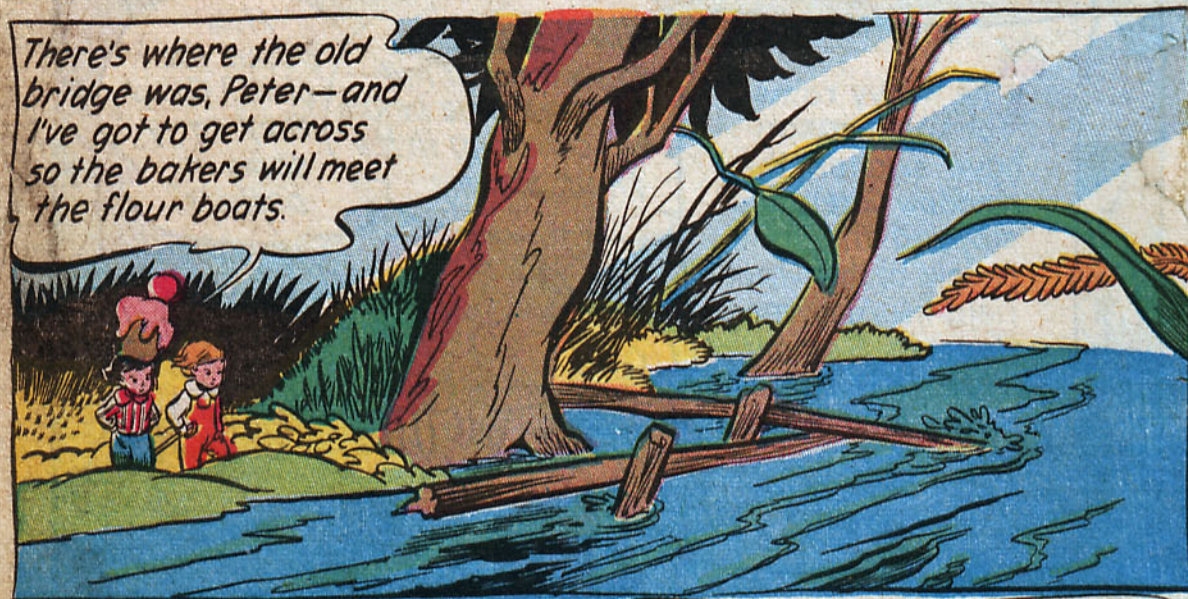
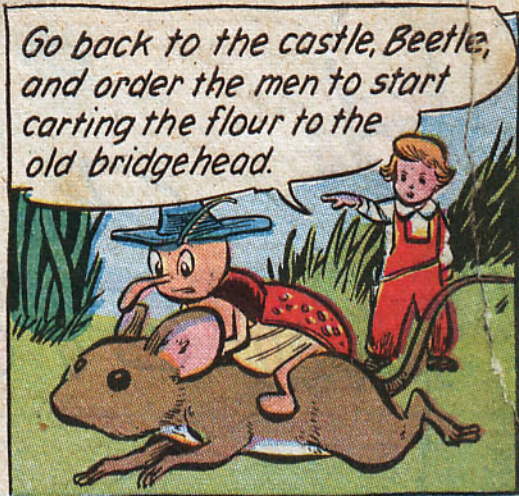
P R E S E N T S

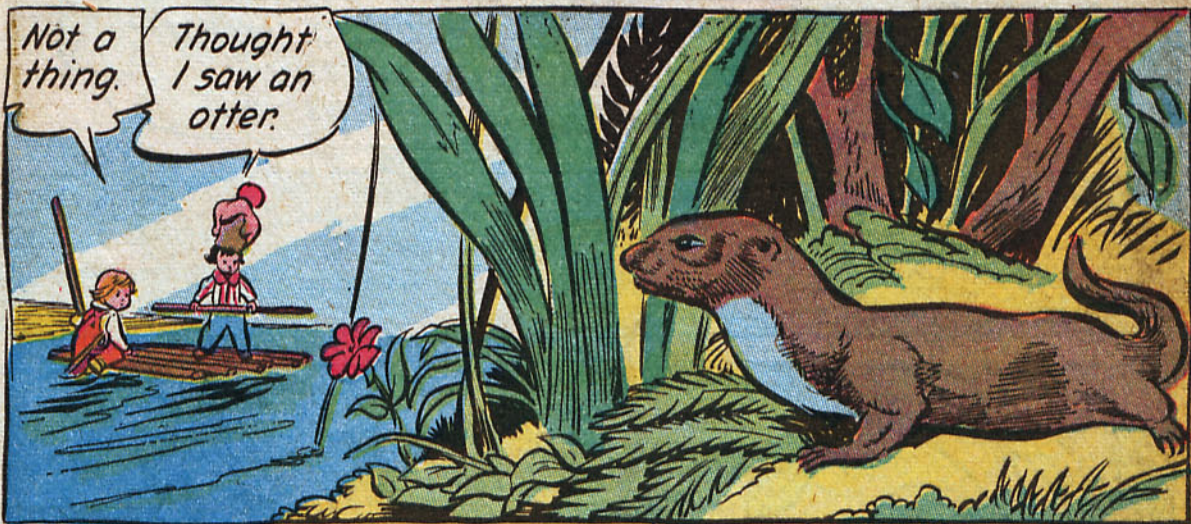
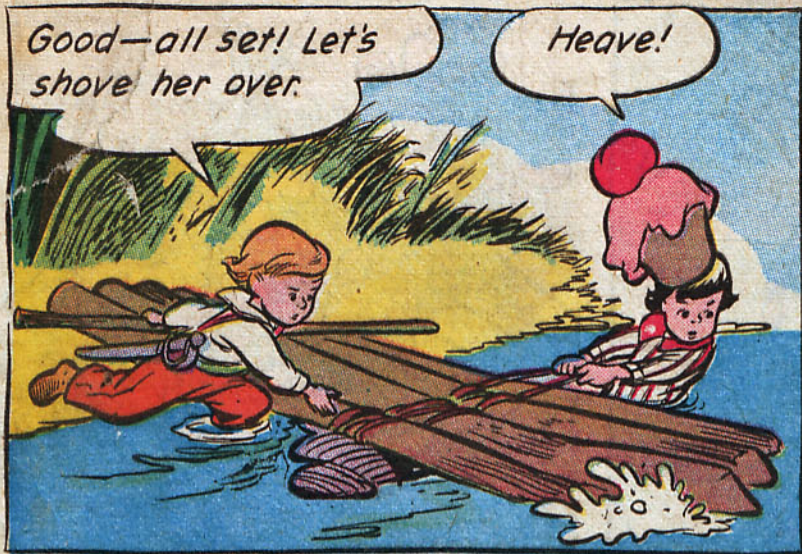
The Adventures of **PETER WHEAT**

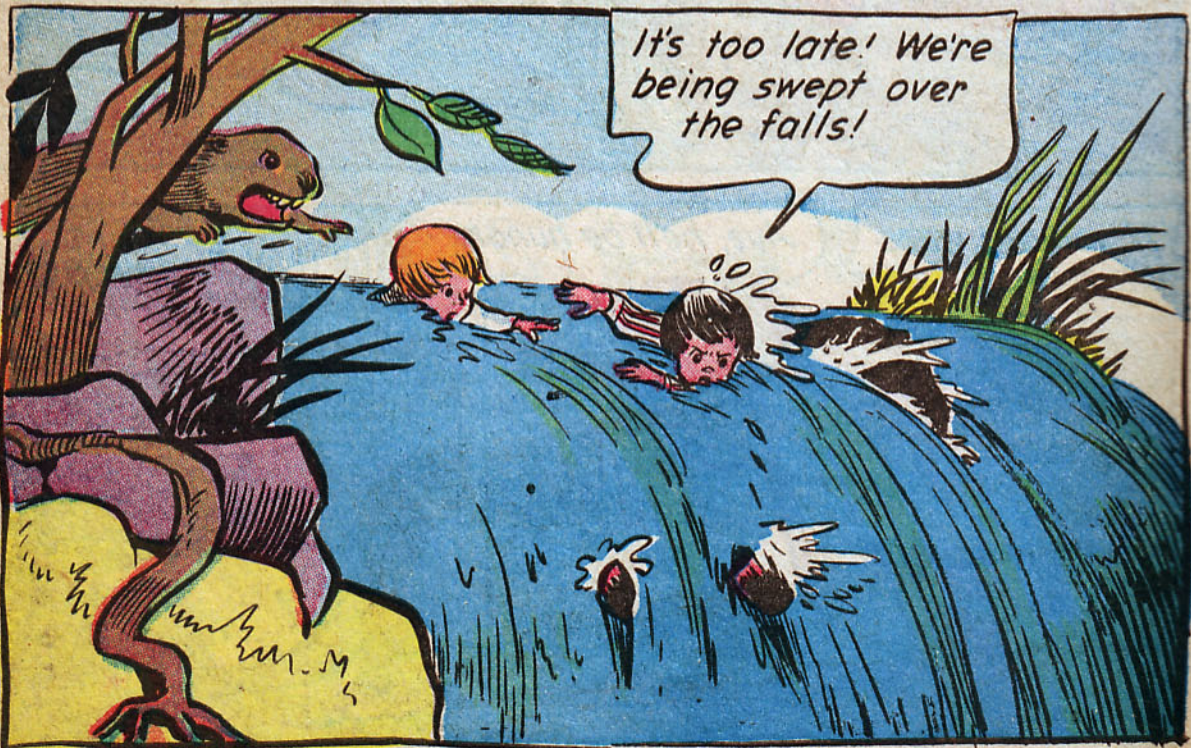
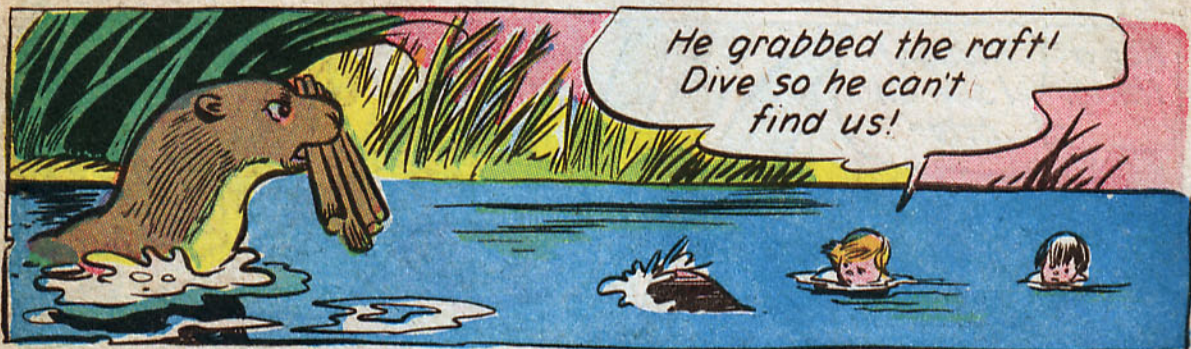
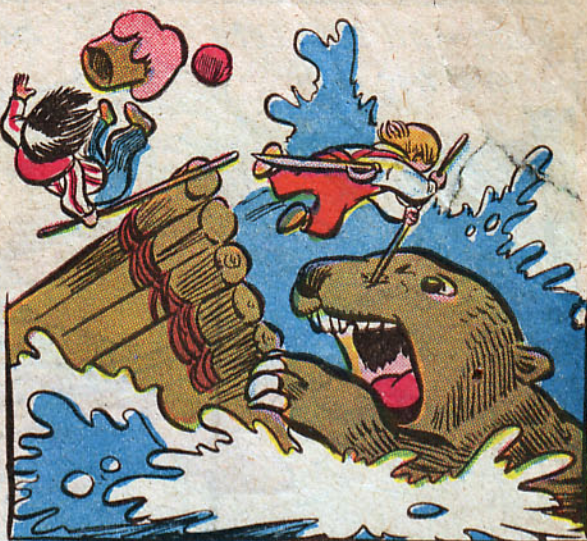


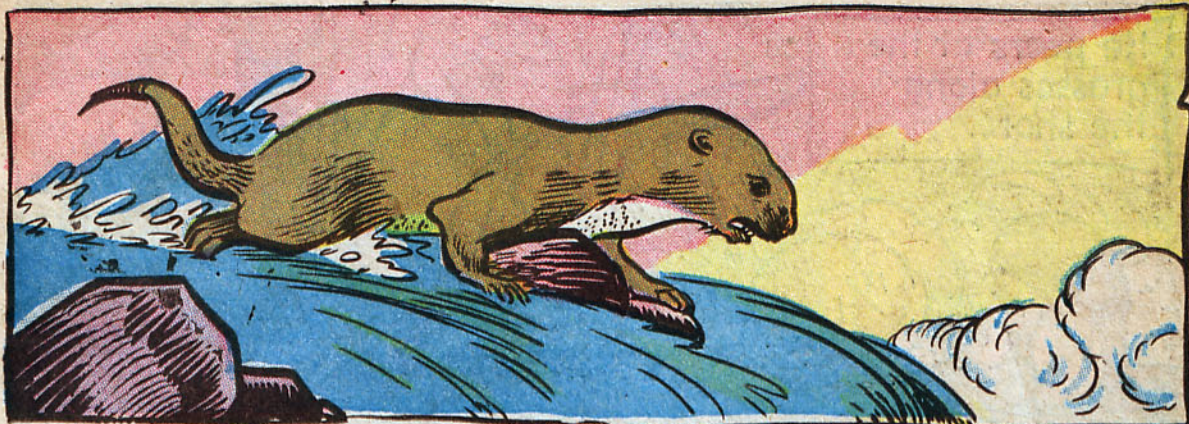


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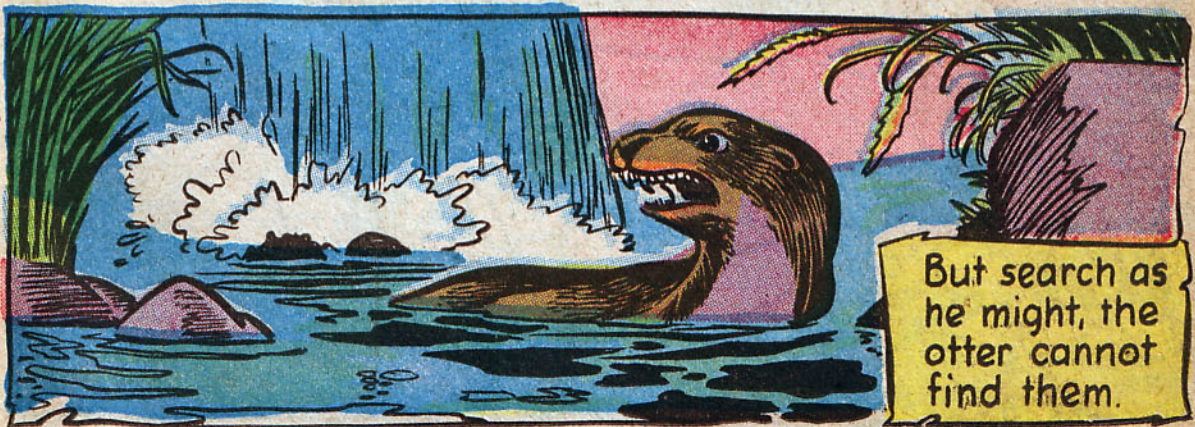




The hungry killer's eyes
rove over the water
looking for the two.



Down he plunges
after Peter and
Sammy.



But search as
he might, the
otter cannot
find them.

He peers at the
grasses along
the shore.

Oh, if he'll
only pass us
by without
looking here!

He's going
to look
down-
stream!

Poor Peter—
he was knocked
unconscious...

I'll drag him
behind the
waterfall
onto the
rocky ledge.



At last, the otter goes off in search of other prey.

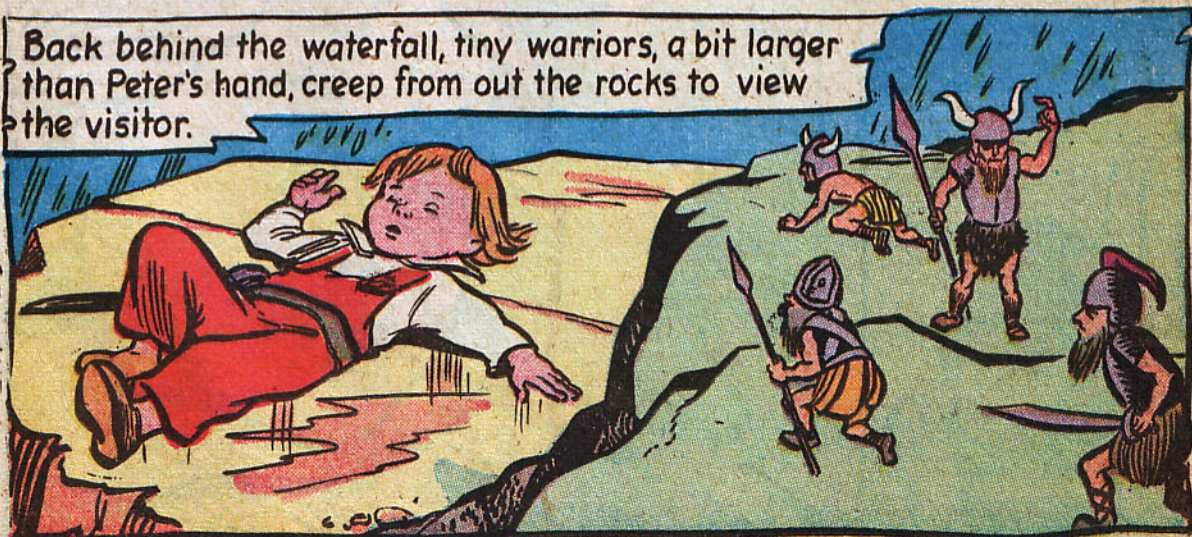
He's going away! Never thought of looking behind the waterfall!



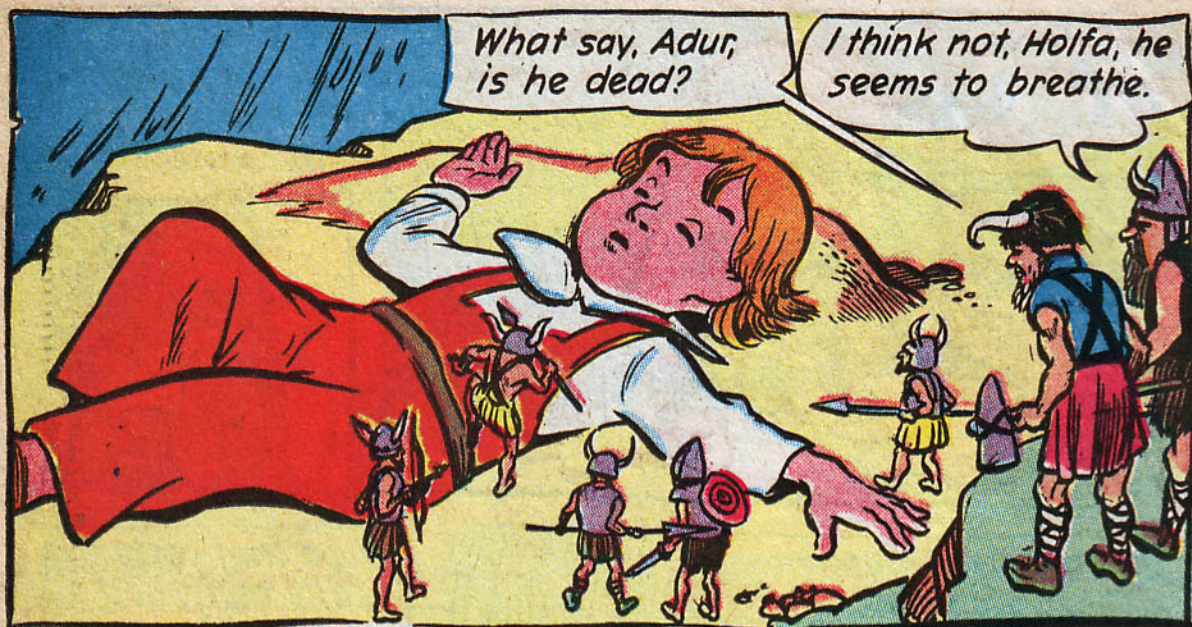
But Peter is still unconscious... he'll be safe here while I get help.



Hope that otter is really gone; he'd eat us both like a cat eating mice.

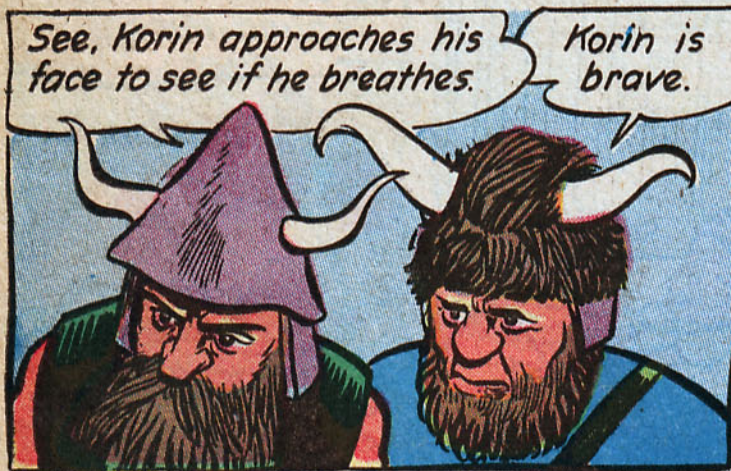


Back behind the waterfall, tiny warriors, a bit larger than Peter's hand, creep from out the rocks to view the visitor.



What say, Adur,
is he dead?

I think not, Holfa, he
seems to breathe.



See, Korin approaches his
face to see if he breathes.

Korin is
brave.



He's awakening!

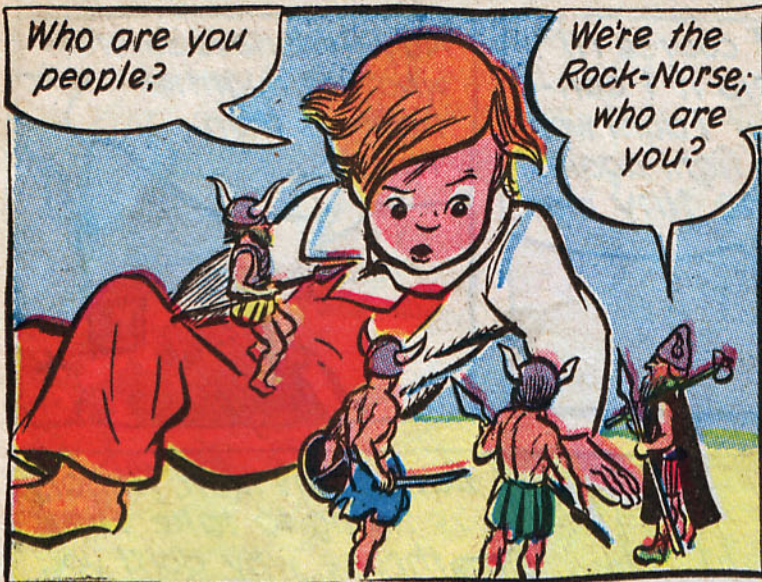


Goodness!
You're not
Sammy!

Who are you people?

We're the Rock-Norse; who are you?

Why, I've heard of you people — no bigger than aphids! I'm Peter Wheat!

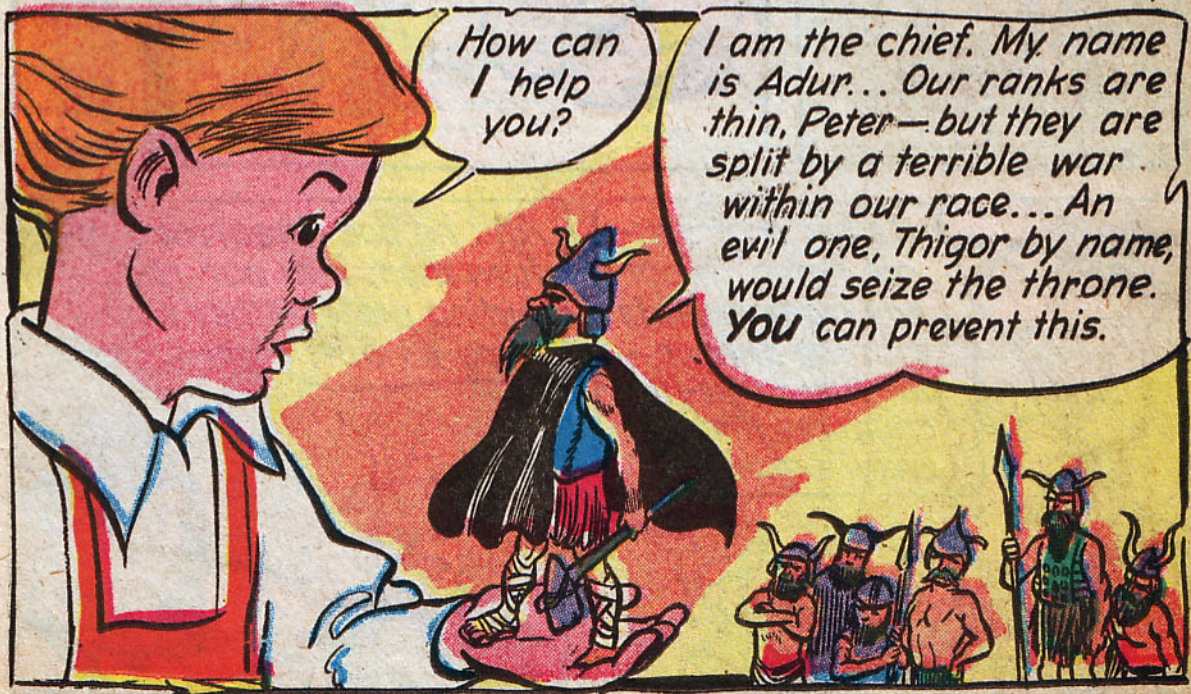


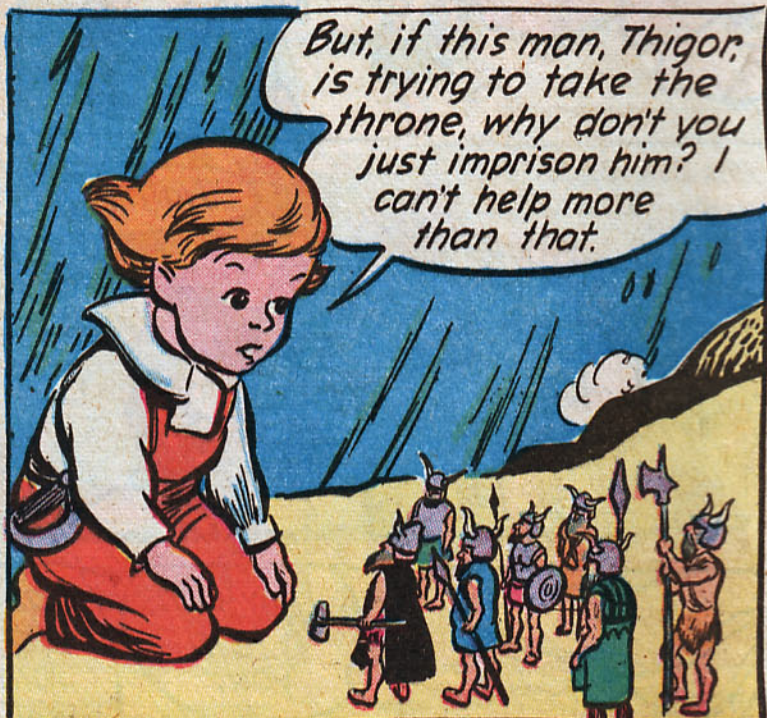
Hail, Peter Wheat! You can save us! Hail!



How can I help you?

I am the chief. My name is Adur... Our ranks are thin, Peter—but they are split by a terrible war within our race... An evil one, Thigor by name, would seize the throne. **You** can prevent this.





He's a fool to be friendly with the shrews. Show me where he is. And there must be some one among you of whom Thigor is fond—fetch such a person.



Here is Per-Per, the nephew of Thigor—Thigor has always been fond of him and would want no harm to come to the lad.



Up on yonder embankment lives Thigor in an old rat hole. A shrew lives nearby.



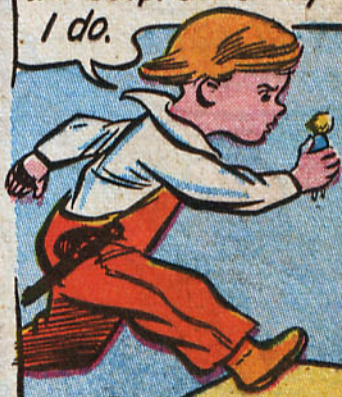
Per-Per, if you'll trust me maybe we can put an end to this trouble.



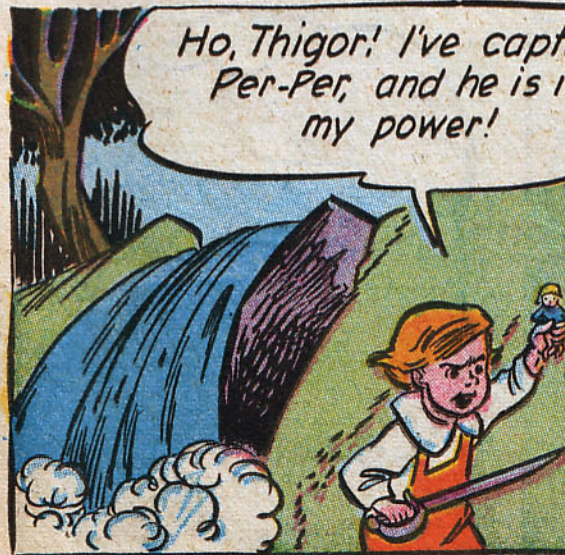
Aye, Peter.



Just be quiet and don't act surprised at anything I do.

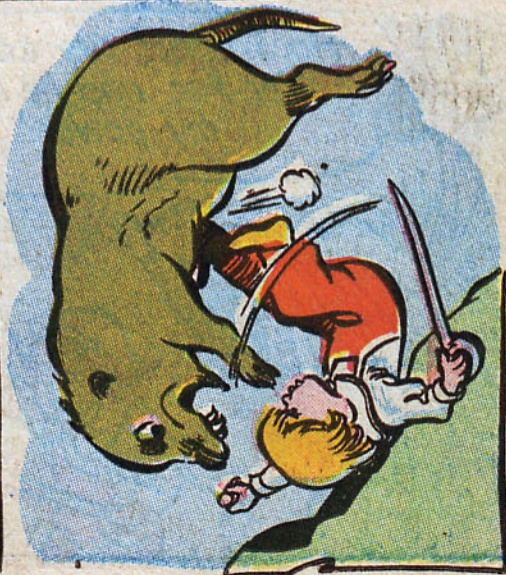
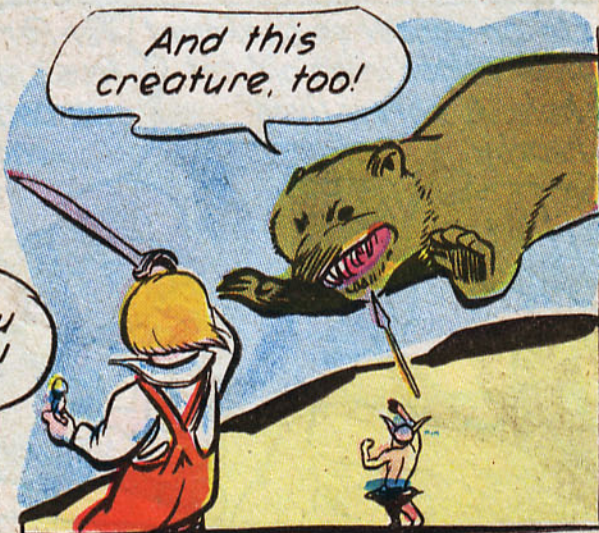
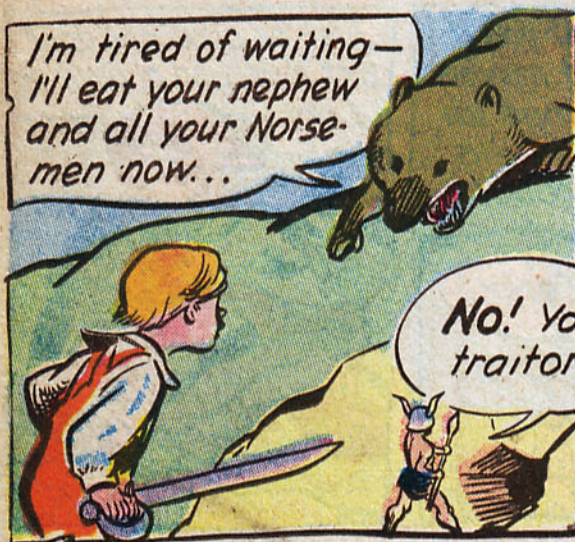
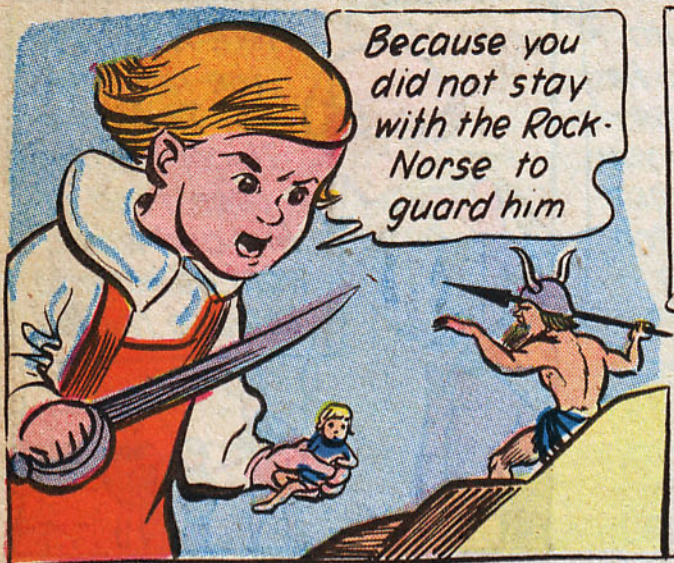


Ho, Thigor! I've captured Per-Per, and he is in my power!

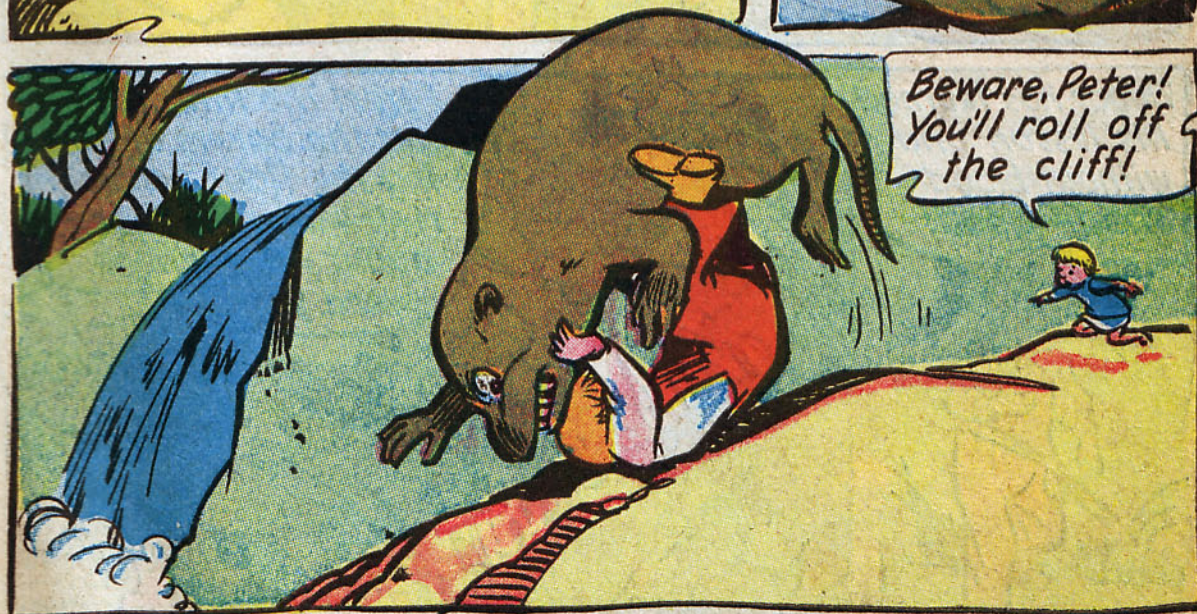
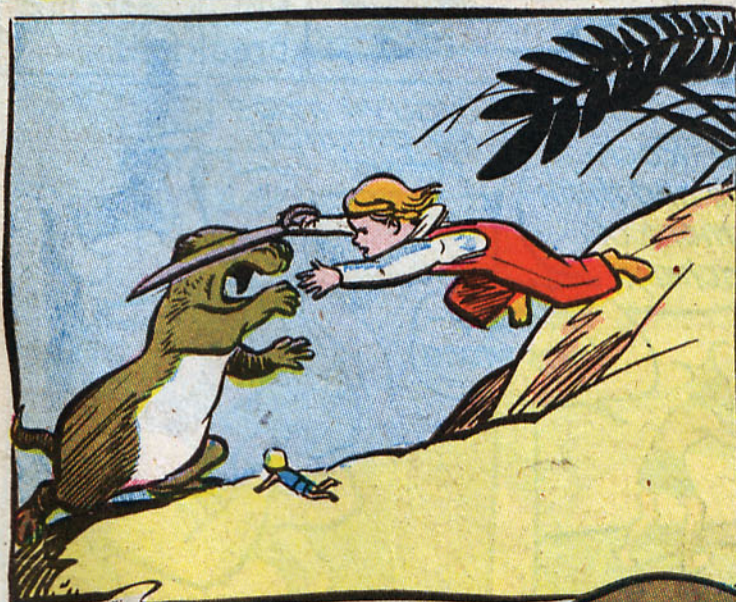
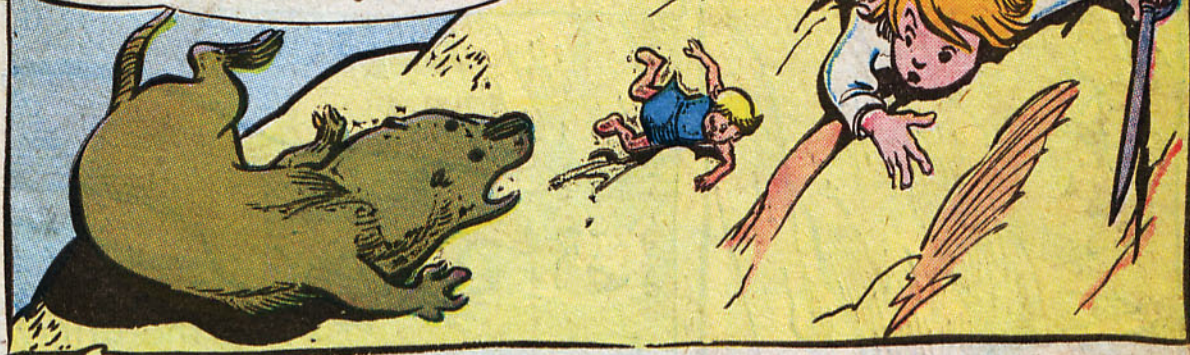


What? How did you get hold of Per-Per?





I dropped Per-Per—he's
rolling right into the
shrew's jaws!



Beware, Peter!
You'll roll off
the cliff!

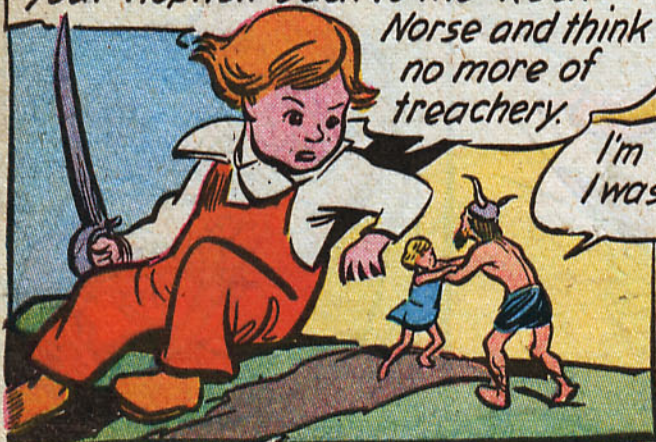


The shrew splashes into the stream—there is a flash of brown...



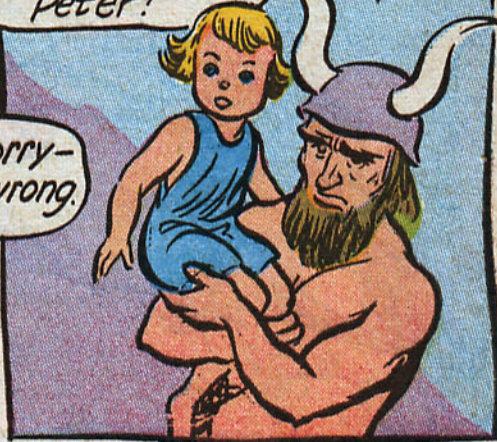
And the otter finally gets his breakfast.

So end all traitors, Thigor! Take your nephew back to the Rock-Norse and think no more of treachery.



I'm sorry—I was wrong.

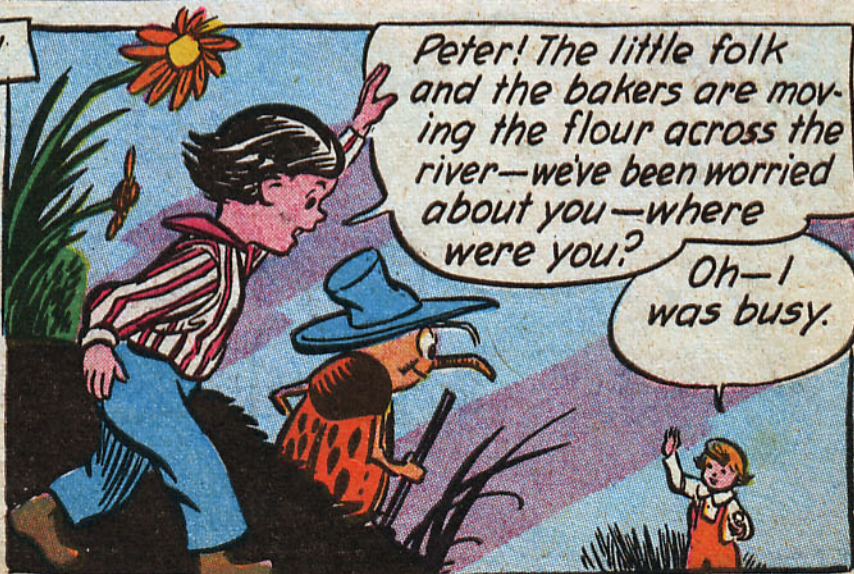
You've made me ashamed, Peter!



Thigor has learned his lesson and without bloodshed—good!



Peter! The little folk and the bakers are moving the flour across the river—we've been worried about you—where were you?

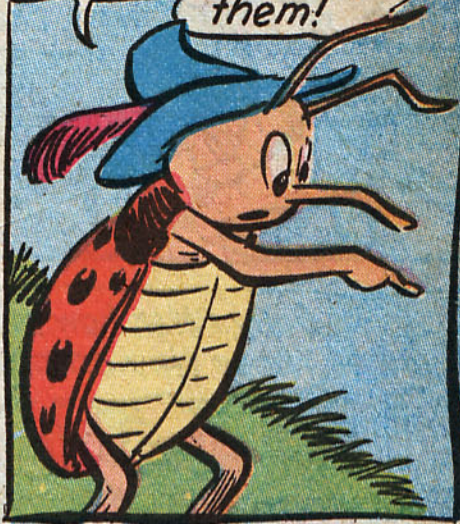
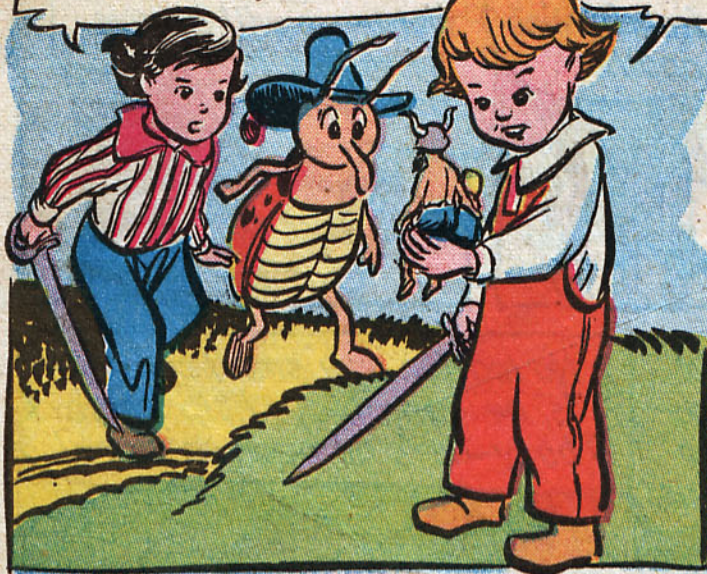


Oh—I was busy.

Did the otter return?
What have you there?

New-found
friends!

Why, they're smaller
than me, even—and
look! There's more of
them!



Aye! These are
the Rock-Norse,
our new allies.

Peace, my
brothers!

Thank you, Peter
Wheat! How can
we ever repay
you?



